





## Horticultural.

## CABBAGE AROUND TECUMSEH.

The raising of cabbage in quantities is increasing in this vicinity, and a word as to our mode of culture may not be out of place at this season of the year. First as to soil: Cabbage will do well on any good corn land, such as will grow one hundred bushels to the acre, but the best soil is a heavy sandy loam, with plenty of lime in it. For early cabbage we sow the seed in February and March, taking care to keep the plants growing, so that they will make fine plants ready to set out in April. The varieties used are the Early Jersey Wakefield and Henderson's Early Summer. The Wakefield is the earliest, but the Summer makes the largest heads and stands longest without bursting; in fact I never had any on my hands long enough to burst. Plow under twenty-five wagon loads of manure to the acre, mark out in rows three feet apart, setting the plants eighteen inches apart in the row. Cultivate and hoe them once a week till the plants touch each other. The Planet Jr. cultivator is the tool to use. You can commence cutting cabbage from plants set out the middle to the last of April, by the tenth of July. My sales this year from 3,000 early plants, one-third Wakefield and two-thirds Summer, were \$125. For late cabbage we grow only the Premium Flat Dutch and Fottler's Early Drumhead. The seed is sowed in open ground in May, and set out from the middle to the last of June, and some as late as July 10th last year made a good crop. Plow under about ten loads of manure to the acre and top dress with 200 lbs. Homestead superphosphate and 100 lbs. salt to the acre. Mr. Comfort raised 27 acres Premium Flat Dutch without any other manure than 200 lbs. phosphate and 100 lbs. salt to the acre, and his sales were \$1,500, in car-load lots. One important hint in setting out plants, trim all the leaves off but one or two in the heart; by so doing the plant does not wilt. My sales of late cabbage last year were \$150 per acre net. ABNER WILSON.

## FLORICULTURAL.

At a recent exhibition of the New York Horticultural Society last month one hundred and sixteen varieties of narcissi were on exhibition. This is a much neglected flower, yet a beautiful and attractive one, and valuable for forcing for indoor decoration. This is the largest display of the kind ever made in America.

The Jacqueminoit rose is one of our most beautiful hybrid perpetuals, being a rich, deep, velvety crimson. With winter protection it may be grown in the open ground and will blossom abundantly. Its flowers, however, are not so rich and deep in color as when produced under glass, but are still very beautiful. They are very double and delightfully fragrant.

A CANADIAN gardener says that to show a distinct pattern with flowering plants requires a considerable amount of attention and care to be properly done. To keep colors from mixing he has two plans, one of which is to plant a line of some stiff growing plant between the colors, to be trimmed to line and height. Achyranthes is good for this purpose. His other plan is to plant short stakes around the lines and run stove-pipe wire on them, turning the colors to their respective places.

WM. FALCONER, in the *Country Gentleman* says: To increase dahlias, start them early and propagate from cuttings of the young shoots. Also make cuttings of stevias, salvias, and the double or finer sorts of single petunias. In propagating plants from cuttings of the young wood, observe that the cuttings are till rooted, at all times shaded from sunshine, protected from drafts and undue drying influence. Keep them moderately moist, but avoid watering them oftener than is necessary. When they have made roots about an inch long, or a little less, pot them, and afterward repeat them when they become pretty well rooted, and before they get anything near being pot-bound.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Prairie Farmer* says: "The seed of the Cobaea scandens should be planted edgeweave and not watered, or at least sparingly, until the plant shows itself. I have raised them from the seed in the open ground, but a better way is to plant them in little flower pots, one seed in a pot, and sink them to the rim in a hot-bed. They can be gradually hardened off, and the transplanting will not hurt them in the least. By the way, this is a capital way to grow any tender plant. I have grown carnations and geraniums in this way, and made strong plants of them much sooner than if I had depended on the common method of transplanting them from boxes."

On the subject of flower beds the *Rural New Yorker* advises: Flower beds, so far size and number are concerned, will depend on the supply of hardy or tender plants at command. The old style of flower-garden, consisting of a lot of beds of all manner of geometrical forms, grouped together on the lawn, as represented in most gardening books, is, in our opinion, an error, and not at all in keeping with progressive floriculture. Besides, it can only be used for tender plants, as geraniums, alsteranthers, coleus or the like. Circles, ovals, oblong figures, and plain beds of like easy pattern are the most appropriate, no matter what we wish to grow in them, or what pattern we wish to display with the plants used in filling them. Remember that it is not in the size, form, or number of beds that the beauty of a flower-garden consists, but in the flowers themselves: therefore make the beds to best suit the flowers. A multitude of little beds show bad taste; besides, they cause much more trouble to keep them in good trim than the same space would in moderately large ones. They may be made near the house, near the margin of the lawn, by the roadside,

or in any other desirable place, providing you do not cut up the middle of your lawn with them. Sometimes we observe the little grass plot in front of a suburban house, with one large flower-bed in the middle of it; then we take it for granted that four months of geraniums and coleus are more esteemed than twelve months of lawn. In these center-beds we seldom see hardy perennials.

## Time for Pruning.

The *Country Gentleman* says: "The first inquiry and occasional mistakes made as to the best time for pruning orchard trees, induces us to recur once more to the subject, to show that no fixed or blind rule can be adopted, applicable alike to all conditions. The effect of reducing the branches, or of cutting them back, is most conspicuously shown in young trees, and most of all in those which are newly transplanted. A newly set tree, which has its shoots shortened to counterbalance the necessary mutilation of roots, will be improved or accelerated in growth if this pruning is done in spring before growth commences, or before the buds begin to open; it will be seriously checked if the work is done later.

The effect thus exhibited in young trees shows the principle which governs growth in larger trees connected with pruning at the different times. It is most strikingly exhibited in all newly transplanted trees; most of all in young cherry trees, which are severely checked by summer pruning and often killed by it; and least of all in peach trees, which have more power to recover from any check given; but even these should not be pruned in summer, unless the work is lightly done, or unless in trees of great vigor of growth where some check will do them no harm; or sparingly in young nursery trees to reduce them to shape.

The most common difference of opinion among orchardists, is in relation to pruning bearing trees. There is sufficient mass in large trees to supply growth to new shoots with less check than in smaller trees, and a rule commonly adopted is to prune in June, when the wounds will soonest heal over, and there will be less exudation of sap. This rule will answer for such trees as are growing rapidly, and which will bear some check. But it is not adapted to trees of slow or feeble growth. The same principle controls growth in large trees as in newly set young trees, as already explained, although less in degree.

The summer wound may heal over sooner, but it does not always leave the tree in the best condition. Experiments made some years ago, by cutting off a limb in every month, showed after a growth of five years by cutting into each, that the central wood was least decayed in the trees which were pruned in February and March, and most so in those cut in June and July. The winter-made wounds dried and hardened best. This experiment is easily repeated, and it may give useful information to orchardists if often tried. But it should be remembered in all such experiments that heavy pruning at one time is never desirable.

## Fighting the Canker Worm.

We make a few extracts from the report of the United States Entomological Commission, in which Prof. C. V. Riley gives some methods of fighting the canker worm: The absence of wings in the female gives us at once a power over her which is half the victory, and anything that will prevent her ascending the trunk will, in a great measure, though not entirely, preserve the tree from the ravages of the worm.

The preventive measures most generally in use have consisted of some application of a sticky nature to the trunk of the tree, whereby the feet of the moth may be encumbered and from which she may be unable to escape. Various substances have been used for this purpose, among which may be mentioned printers' ink, tar, bird-lime, refined sorghum molasses, slow-drying varnishes and melted India rubber. Oil and resin, boiled together in proper proportions, answers better than tar, because the mixture does not dry up so much on hot days.

The methods of application of these substances have been diverse. They have been applied either directly around the body of the tree, or over a broad belt of clay-mortar, or on strips of old canvas, on stiff paper, on the under side of a horizontal and close-fitting collar of boards fastened around the trunk, or by means of tin collars provided with troughs for holding oil. Whatever substance is used must be renewed as often as it becomes dry or as the surface ceases to be sticky or becomes coated with a mass of captured moths. If tar is used it should be entirely scraped from the bark when the season for which it is needed is over. If bandages are used they should be removed at the same time.

B. Walsh, a practical entomologist, says: To head the canker worm effectively, the trees must be bared fresh every day from the latter end of October to the middle of May, or to about the time that the apple leaves are completely put forth, omitting the operation on cold days in the dead of winter. To be on the safe side call the whole net 150 days. A man could certainly tar 100 trees in an hour, which would require in all 150 hours or fifteen days' work in saving the apple crop of 100 trees. Viewed as a question of dollars and cents the operation is most certainly a paying one.

The hanging tin band, if kept properly oiled, is advised over all other forms of troughs, since many of the latter get filled up with the dead bodies of the moth or with leaves, or get bridged with spider-web. When fastened around the tree all troughs must needs be renewed as the girth of the tree increases. The following has been used with success: A band or circle of tin, a few inches outside the trunk of the tree and held there by a circle of muslin, attached to the tin at its upper edge and drawn with a cord at the top, so as to fit the tree closely and prevent the insects from getting up without going over the tin, covered with a mixture of castor oil and kerosene. As soon as they touch this they drop to the

ground. After the tin and muslin are attached to the tree, the whole inner or outer surface of the tin is daubed with a mixture of equal parts of kerosene and castor oil.

Troughs made of tin, lead, rubber or iron are used for holding substances of an oily nature, which latter kills the insects as they come in contact with it. The principal objections to their use are their first cost, the difficulty of fixing and keeping them in their places, and the injury suffered by the tree when their contents are washed or blown out and fall on the bark. Before the troughs are fastened and filled, the body of the tree should be well coated with clay paint or whitewash, to absorb the oil that may fall upon it. Care should be taken to renew the oil as often as it escapes, or becomes filled with the insects. These troughs possess many advantages. Oil troughs to be safe and sure may be sunk in the ground close around the butt of the tree, affording no chance for the young worms to get up between the trough and the tree, and avoiding any injury to the tree with oil or tar. Belts of cotton wool have been used to entangle the feet of the moths, and collars of tin plates, fastened around the trees like an inverted funnel, have been proposed.

The first year that tar, printers' ink, or any substance which kills the moth is used, there is constant danger that the moths will appear in such numbers as to "bridge over," and thus enable some to cross on the dead bodies of their comrades. After an orchard has been well protected, however, there is little danger that the moths will next year go up in sufficient numbers to do this. Generally, by applying the remedy thoroughly during two successive years, the enemy will be utterly routed.

So far as possible, the canker worms should be prevented from reaching the leaves of the tree, but where they have thus been allowed it is best to strew the ground lightly with straw on a calm day, give the tree a good jar, which will suspend the worms in mid-air. Cut loose the suspended worms by swinging a pole above them, which breaks the silken threads and causes them to fall to the ground. Then set fire to the straw. Even if the fire is not made, the worms may be prevented from returning to the tree by the same means which were employed to keep off the perfect females.

## Pruning Peach Trees.

The *Country Gentleman* says: "Owners often hesitate to prune their trees which are coming into copious bearing, because they fear to cut away a part of the promised crop. Where the future crop has been killed by the cold, they will of course have no such fear, and they may freely take advantage of the situation, and cut back the shoots and branches which are running out at too great a length. The great fault with nearly all peach orchards is the length of the branches, the side shoots dying as the ends increase. Trees which have been neglected may be brought into more compact shape, and if necessary two or three years' growth taken off from the projecting limbs, by cutting the longest branch at a fork, and leaving the short one to remain, and again treating the remaining one in the same way. By a quick use of the eye to secure a handsome, compact, symmetrical head, it is surprising to one who has not before tried it, how rapidly young bearing trees may be brought into good shape in this way."

The best way, however, is to begin with the trees the same year they are set out. One of the most successful orchardists of this country prunes his trees low, the branches coming out from the main stem only six or eight inches high. The heads are round and compact, and he can gather most of the fruit while standing on the ground. The annual cutting back of the one-year shoots is thus easily and rapidly performed, and an active hand will go over two hundred such trees in a day. The trees present a striking contrast in appearance, to the more common neglected ones, the branches of which form long bare poles with tufts of leaves at the end of a scion—downward.

"But it is not necessary for the owners of young peach orchards to wait till the cold winters have killed the buds before undertaking the needed pruning. Peach trees are very commonly allowed greatly to overbear. The crowded fruit is small, comparatively poor in quality, and the vigor of the tree is injured by the excessive crop. Branches are sometimes broken by the overload, unless the owner endears to his trees by proping, the sight of which is a conspicuous proof of poor management. Shortening back the shoots and branches serves materially to thin the crop; and when this is not enough the rule should be adopted and carried out in practice, to allow no peaches to grow nearer each other than four or five inches. By this thinning the fruit will be more than doubled in size and beauty, with a still greater improvement in quality. This difference should be borne in mind when pruning in spring before the leaves open, and the fear discarded of losing a portion of the crop by cutting off a part of the buds."

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The Farmer's Garden. We find the following in the *Country Gentleman*:

"On farms where land is not so costly as in towns and villages, no part should be so cramped that it shall have to be worked to a disadvantage, and instead therefore of allowing six feet for the horse to turn about upon at the end of the rows, ten to twelve feet would be better and would prevent the horse from treading on the plants. By planting everything as nearly as practicable in rows for horse cultivation, a vast amount of hand labor is saved, and the crops will be larger and better, as they will receive more frequent and thorough culture, while the spaces between the rows will not be lost ground, the roots thus giving contribution to a larger and better growth, and preventing the cramping of plants when they are too closely planted in beds."

"It is of the first importance that the soil may be capable of working as soon in spring as possible, to admit of early planting and early growth. Hence the absolute necessity of thorough under draining where there is not a perfect natural drainage. Instead of placing the ditches two rods apart, as for field culture, it would be better to make the distance only one rod, which would effect a very perfect withdrawal of surplus water, and give a fine mellow soil, capable of easy working the season through. Such complete draining for the half-acre garden would not cost \$50 first and last, and would be worth more than this sum every year in the fine growth of the crops and their abundant yield."

"Most of the ground will be plowed and planted annually; but some crops will be perennial, and will remain for years. Asparagus will grow larger and better in single rows three or four feet apart. No bushes larger than raspberries, currants and gooseberries should occupy the ground devoted to vegetables, and these may be in rows twelve or fifteen feet apart, with vegetables between. Grapes, dwarf pears and blackberries should have a special and permanent part of the garden allotted to them."

"We have rarely, if ever, seen a farmer's garden which was cultivated and dug wholly by hand, that was not badly infested with weeds. The reason was, the work of repeated hand culture was so great, and was so continually interrupting farm work, that the diminished crops did not pay for it. But if arranged for horse-culture the expense would be less than one-tenth, and the improved growth from frequent and thorough stirring would be conspicuous. Instead of making the garden an annoyance and expense, its management would afford gratification to the owner, and as Prof. Tracy remarks, the half-acre garden would be the most profitable half-acre on the farm."

The Art of Grafting. Whip-grafting is the best method, requiring only a sharp, small pocketknife blade to make a smooth flat shave, and a little roll of quarter-inch strips of old muslin, wound on the end of a small stick four or five inches long and soaked through in melted grafting wax, usually made of linseed oil, one part; clear beeswax, two parts; and white resin (dark resin is too easily oxidized by the turpentine) four parts. A strip of the waxed cloth 20 to 30 inches long, wound on spirally, in only one layer, so that it may yield to the expansion of growth, will cover closely every part of the cut on scion and stock, when of the usual size—that of a lead pencil.

It is all important that this wrapping be perfect, to prevent the drying up of the faces that are to unite. Another essential is that the scions be not only sound and plump, uninjured by the drying effects of frost and winter wind; but that they be of fully matured shoots, of the stoutest of last year's growth from the open exterior of the tree. This is as essential in a graft as in a seed, for neither can become established unless they contain within themselves enough ready-prepared material to form the first leaves upward, and extend into the soil—or into the stock in the case of a scion—downward.

Every boy should learn the simple and most useful art of grafting, and now is the time to begin to gain the experience. Whip-grafting is easy enough for his sister to learn too. Let her at least begin by applying the wrapping and so have an interest in the coming fruit. Wax made above, and tested in a bucket of water as to hardness—it should be just compressible between thumb and finger, using some force, in water at 50 to 55 degrees—will not stick to the fingers so as to make any trouble, yet will be adhesive enough to cling closely and permanently to the dry bark.

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The Michigan Farmer  
—AND—  
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DETROIT, TUESDAY, APRIL 15, 1884.

## WHEAT.

The receipts of wheat in this market the past week were 34,370 bu. against 25,804 bu. the previous week, and 77,027 bu. for the corresponding week in 1883, and the shipments were 94,333 bu.

The stocks now held in this city amount to 614,333 bu., against 685,514 last week, and 1,502,176 the corresponding week in 1883. The visible supply of this grain on April 5 was 27,941,403 bu. against 28,580,898 the previous week, and 23,349,953 bu. at corresponding date in 1883. This shows a decrease from the amount in sight the previous week of 639,495 bu. The export clearances for Europe for the week ending April 5th were 562,159 bu., against 594,811 the previous week, and for the last eight weeks they were 4,091,635 bu. against 8,090,852 for the corresponding eight weeks in 1883.

The market has certainly improved during the week, and closed on Saturday from 4 to 5 higher than the week previous. There is however, so little faith in the future of the market, and such a light inquiry from all points, that it is difficult to give any tone to the trade except a dull one.

The transactions on the Board of Trade for the entire week were only 175 cars of spot wheat, and 550,000 bu. of futures—about an average day's business two years ago, when the members of the Board were so busily engaged in the pleasing occupation of "skinning wood-chucks," as they aptly termed the operation of transferring the wealth of their patrons to themselves. But "wood-chucks" are scarce this year. There have been numerous attempts to draw them out of their holes, but without effect; and in lieu of their former game the members are now "scalping" each other. Yesterday this market was very quiet, with just sufficient movement of stock to establish prices. At the close values were slightly lower on both spot and futures. Chicago opened lower, became active, and finally closed strong at an advance of 4¢ over Saturday's prices. Toledo was quiet but steady at 93¢ for No. 2 white, 85¢ for No. 3 do., and 92¢ for No. 2 red.

The following table exhibits the daily closing prices of wheat from April 1st to April 14th:

No. 1	No. 2	No. 2	No. 3
white, red, red, red.			
Apr. 1.....	90	90	90
2.....	90	90	90
3.....	90	90	90
4.....	90	90	90
5.....	90	90	90
6.....	90	90	90
7.....	90	90	90
8.....	90	90	90
9.....	90	90	90
10.....	90	90	90
11.....	90	90	90
12.....	90	90	90
13.....	90	90	90
14.....	90	90	90

Speculative dealings are lighter at present than at this date for a number of years. The following table shows the closing prices of the various deals during the week:

April 1	May	June
Tuesday.....	90	90
Wednesday.....	90	90
Thursday.....	90	90
Friday.....	90	90
Saturday.....	90	90
Monday.....	90	90

The following table gives the total amount of wheat in sight, including the visible supply in this country and Canada, and the amount on passage for Great Britain and the continent of Europe, as compared with last season:

Wheat, bu.	On passage to U. S. and Can.	On passage to United Kingdom.	On passage to Europe.
22,580,900	16,232,000	4,012,000	
22,580,900	16,232,000	4,012,000	
Total, March 29, 1884.....	47,324,893	47,324,893	
Total two weeks.....	47,324,893	47,324,893	
Total, March 31, 1883.....	47,311,645		

The principal topic of interest in the trade at present is the condition of the crop now that winter is over. The report of the Secretary of the State of Michigan will be found in another column. We are afraid it is too favorable, as the crop in some sections is badly damaged. The Ohio agricultural report states the condition of drilled wheat at 88 per cent. of an average; broadcast 77 per cent. The crop at present gives promise of a yield of 34,786,000 bu. The condition of wheat in Missouri is reported at 98 per cent. of an average. Considerable damage is reported in various counties in Illinois, now becoming a winter wheat State. Texas is said to promise a good crop of wheat this season.

The foreign markets are without any new features. Stocks at British ports are very large, and more wheat is offering than buyers are ready to take hold of.

The following table shows the prices ruling at Liverpool on Monday last, as compared with those of one week previous:

April 14,	April 7,
per cent.	per cent.
Flour, extra State... 11s. 2 d.	11s. 2 d.
Wheat, No. 1 white... 8s. 2 d.	8s. 2 d.
do Spring No. 2... 7s. 7 d.	7s. 7 d.
do do do new... 7s. 6 d.	7s. 6 d.
do Western... 7s. 10 d.	7s. 10 d.

A Monroe man voted a check for a small sum at the recent election, and tried to cash a first ward ticket at the bank. He was sober, 400, but lost his vote through the error.

## CORN AND OATS.

The receipts of corn in this market the past week were 6,624 bu. and the shipments were 36,653 bu. The visible supply in the country on April 5 amounted to 17,156,066 bu. against 17,773,877 bu. the previous week, and 18,223,008 bu. at the same date last year. The visible supply shows a decrease during the week of 614,811 bu. The exports for Europe the past week were 496,253 bu. against 631,714 the previous week, and for the past eight weeks 5,246,346 bu. against 12,776,822 bu. for the corresponding period in 1883. The stocks now held in this city amount to 55,997 bu., against 92,421 bu. last week, and 110,251 bu. at the corresponding date in 1883. Corn is quiet but steady, with values higher than a week ago. No. 2 corn is quoted at 52¢ per bu., with very little offering; new mixed at 51¢ per bu., and rejected at 49¢. The Chicago and New York markets have been unsettled, and corn was weak in sympathy with wheat, but it regained some of the ground lost and closed with spot a shade higher and futures about the same as the previous week. Quotations in Chicago were 47¢ per bu. for No. 2 spot, April delivery at 45@45¢, May at 49¢, and June at 50¢. Toledo is quoted active but lower at 49¢ per bu. for No. 2 spot, 49¢ for May, and 50¢ for June delivery. The following table gives a statement of the visible supply of corn at dates indicated as compared with that of last season:

Visible supply in U. S. and Can..... 17,773,877

On passage for United Kingdom..... 2,048,000

On passage for Cont. of Europe..... 440,000

Total, March 30..... 20,201,877

Previous two weeks..... 19,073,066

Two weeks ago..... 18,860,800

Total March 31, 1883..... 21,300,849

The Liverpool market is quoted dull at 60¢ per cwt., the same figures as reported one week ago.

The receipts of cheese in the New York market the past week were 8,882 boxes against 9,352 boxes the previous week, and 10,781 boxes the corresponding week in 1883. The exports from all American ports for the weekend April 5 foot up 334,581 lbs., against 635,941 lbs. the previous week, and 492,829 lbs. two weeks ago. The exports for the corresponding week last year were 1,443,608 lbs.

## WOOL.

There is a very quiet trade in wool in all the eastern markets, and the light demand gives buyers the advantage, especially as holders are undoubtedly anxious to close out stocks as to be ready for the new clip. The sales in Boston the past week were 1,712,700 pounds domestic and 96,000 pounds foreign, or 1,808,700 pounds in all; against 1,487,900 pounds the previous week; and 1,765,400 pounds the same as for Indian corn. Plant when the ground is warm enough to secure rapid germination, and cultivate in all respects the same as for Indian corn. Be sure to keep it free from weeds during its early growth, as it is then a weak plant and easily crowded out by the weeds. Try the growth, especially on sandy soils. At the end of the season it is expected that the parties testing the value of the plant will furnish Dr. Kedzie with a report of their experience with it.

## SORGHUM SEED.

Professor R. C. Kedzie, of the State Agricultural College, wishes to have announced to the farmers of the State, that, under directions from the State Board of Agriculture, he has procured from Illinois one hundred lbs. of sorghum seed of the Early Amber variety, for gratuitous distribution. It is intended to be given out in small quantities among those who desire to test the sugar producing and forage properties of this plant. Only a few specimens can be sent into any one neighborhood, but parties will be supplied with the seed in the order of their application until the stock on hand is exhausted. The directions for planting are as follows: Each package of seed will be sufficient for from one-quarter to one-third of an acre. Prepare the ground the same as for Indian corn. Plant when the ground is warm enough to secure rapid germination, and cultivate in all respects the same as for Indian corn. Be sure to keep it free from weeds during its early growth, as it is then a weak plant and easily crowded out by the weeds. Try the growth, especially on sandy soils. At the end of the season it is expected that the parties testing the value of the plant will furnish Dr. Kedzie with a report of their experience with it.

## CORRECTION.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

Please allow me the space to thank my friends from Eden and Ypsilanti in calling my attention to my article in the FARMER as to the amount of loss to the wool-grower by the twenty per cent proposed reduction of the tariff. As was intimated in your last paper the article was the result of writing in a hurry. When I took up the pen it was only to urge every one who was opposed to the bill to forward their names at once to Mr. Hammond, but I hastily added what else was.

It seems to me that I made my estimate of the loss equal to the percentage of reduction, which of course, is not the case; the loss is not so great, but the principle was correct if the figures were not. The reduction of the duty on wool has already reduced the price, and whatever the farmer loses in this way is a loss to labor and the industries of our country. Australia, with her perennial climate, can grow wool much cheaper than we can; and free wool, or duty so low as to be put in competition with them, is but to build up a foreign national industry at a loss to our own. Yours &c.,

C. M. FELLOWS.

The sheep trade last week in Buffalo will begin to arrive this week at Boston, to which point many growers are consigning their clips. One point that is urged in favor of this policy is that advances can be had at 6@7 per cent. per annum, while I have seen no record of such a rate.

The sales during the week show that Ohio XX and above is selling at 40¢, X at 37¢, X Michigan at 33@34¢, and No. 1 Michigan at 36¢. In combing and delaine fleeces, Ohio X sold at 40@41¢, X at 37@38¢, and unwashed combing at 27@30¢.

The U. S. ECONOMIST says that market is filled with buyers, but they take very little wool. Michigan X is quoted there at 34¢, Ohio XX at 40¢, and New York State at 32¢. The same paper says that good samples of the Texas clip are being offered at the direct imports of Australian, and with another large auction sale to occur next month, it is not surprising that many of the shrewdest observers feel doubtful as to the course of prices in the immediate future.

There is a very quiet trade in the trade still further menaced by the free traders in Congress, it is any wonder wool at even present prices has few friends? In fact the present low prices are only maintained by the light receipts.

We note a report that considerable purchases of Down wool, of English and Irish growth, have been made in Liverpool, and it is feared this will affect the market.

It is said that the roller skating rinks are a success in every town where the proprietor is young, good-looking and single.

A lady of Flint who is over 90 years old, was sufficiently alive to public interest to cast a vote for school trustee at the late election.

Sutherland's dry-goods store at Oxford was entered by burglars last week, and \$70 in money, and \$600 worth of silk carried off.

Kalamazoo Gazette: About 200 acres of celery were last year raised in this vicinity, and this year fully fifty acres more will be grown.

The buildings and yard of the Middlesex Brick and Tile Company at Pentwater burned last week. Loss, \$15,000; insured for \$5,000.

The Bay City Tribune's annual list of the casualties in the Michigan fisheries foots up fully 100 men killed by accident while lumbering.

The issue of postal cards has fallen off about 13,000,000 pieces since the introduction of the two-cent letter rate. The sale of two-cent stamps for the quarter ending March 31 exceeded by 27 per cent the combined sales of two and three-cent stamps in the corresponding quarter in 1883.

At Wheeling, Va., on the 10th, an organized gang of thieves open a window of Stom & Thomas' dry goods store and took out \$700 worth of revolvers and cutlery. The clerk who slept in the store was chloroformed. This is the fifth time the establishment has been robbed in the same manner.

James Heddon, the "bee man" at Dowagiac, has purchased W. H. Shipherd's place at Glenwood. This river man, Heddon, who was the owner of the night watch, was shot and killed by a negro who was discovered to be the very boldness of the deed.

The safe of the Northwestern Boiler Works, Chicago, was burglarized of \$3,000 worth of negotiable paper last week. The burglar left a note saying that if the company would address "Boozer Blower" through the medium of an advertisement, the robbery would be entered into his name.

Preparations to get up grand political demonstrations are already being made. An Oregon fire



## Poetry.

## FOUR SEASONS.

Spring is a maiden, divinely fair,  
With violet blue in her golden hair.  
At the salmy touch of her dainty feet  
The primrose pale and cowslip sweet  
Break forth from their wintry winding sheet;  
And the forest leaves peep out to see  
Who this beautiful, bountiful maid can be.

Summer's a warrior, flushed with flame,  
He rides o'er earth in his car of fame,  
His whip is the whirlwind's circling lash,  
His spear is the lightning's blinding flash,  
His shot is the deafening thunder's crash:  
He breathes, and the hills are parched and dry,  
And the rivulets, fading, are vapors dry.

Autumn's a merchant, of princely mien,  
The earth's best fruits at his feet are seen.  
His won'drous stores of golden grain  
Are gathered high on the sunlit plain,  
And how like seas o'er his rich domain,  
And his nut-brown children shout with glee,  
As they gather his treasures around his knee.

Winter's a monster, of fiendish guile,  
With famine and woe in his baleful eye;  
He blights the air with his icy breath,  
He seizes the life from the land beneath,  
The waters he blinds in the chains of death,  
And he laughs to hear the plaintive wail  
Of the famishing poor in the frozen vale.

## BIRD-TALK.

"What news, what comfort, do you bring?  
Say, gosip, say!"

"As you come back with tired wing  
Adown the aisy way."

"So high above the trees I flew,  
High, gosip, high!  
I saw a little rift of blue,  
A lovely glimpse of sky."

"And is it true that storms will cease?  
True, gosip, true!"

"O yes, the winds will be at peace,  
The sun will shine on you!"

"So chirp and chatter, sweet and gay,  
Call, gosip, call!"

"Fast comes the happy spring this way,  
Brave gosip all!"

—St. Nicholas.

## LOVE'S CREED.

I hold one simple faith throughout the days  
That wear so slowly to an unknown end—  
A faith which glories the darkest ways  
That lead me to my friend.

I may not understand the reason why  
Some things are hidden which I fain would see  
My faith, the faith by which I live—or die—  
Is still enough for me.

And thus it is I am content to wait,  
For fear and questioning to doubt along,  
Love knows but this, and proves it, soon or late  
The king can do no wrong!

—The Manhattan.

## Miscellaneous.

## JOE BARRETT'S CONFESSION.

One 17th day of August, not many years ago, a party of four, consisting of Joe Barrett and his wife, their most intimate friend Phil Somers, and Miss Maud Mortimer, a young lady they hoped might be induced to consider the future happiness of his existence, stood quite alone upon a narrow strip of sand on the Long Island coast, not far from the great metropolis. Joe Barrett and his wife had long ago been given over by their relatives and friends, and the genial circle of society which adorned, as an old-fashioned couple that prolonged their honeymoon to a most unprecedented and unheard-of period. They had lately celebrated their silver wedding, and for the amusement of others and the romance for themselves, could have gone through with the original ceremony again had it not been for a serious obstacle. The clergyman was still alive and vigorous for his years, and Phil Somers, Joe's best man at his wedding, was yet his best friend, but the pale, pretty little bridesmaid had vanished long ago off the face of the earth, and become one of that shadowy band to which "we call, and they answer not again."

There was a rumor that if she had lived she would have become the wife of Phil Somers, thus making the happiness of the four complete. It was currently believed that because of this tender and romantic episode of his life Phil Somers had remained a bachelor. In his younger days this apparent halo of soft regret and unappeasable longing lent a melancholy grace to his already pleasing exterior, and many a damsel endeavored to console him; but although he was gentle and even chivalrous to all womankind, he remained, to all matrimonial intents and purposes, unconsoled.

And here he was a bachelor still, 50 years old, getting rather grizzled about the temples, and crow-footed about the eyes, bronzed by his partiality for the open air, thin but muscular, tall but straight; while Joe Barrett and his wife might pass for "fat, fair and forty," though they were not so many years Phil's juniors.

And here they were, plotting as lively as ever for Phil's connubial bliss. The present victim of the toils, although no longer in his first youth, would have seemed so in any other light but the critical one of sun against sand; and now that the thick bands of gray clouds lay heavily across the sky, tempering the brilliancy of the sun's rays, and the young lady had pulled her veil about the outlines of her face, Miss Mortimer seemed at the heyday of her charms.

While waiting for dinner, which was in process of preparation in a long low hostelry a dozen furlongs or so inland, they had strolled down to the water's edge and, true to the plan in hand, Joe Barrett had pulled his wife's chubby hand through his arm and trotted her away from Phil and the young lady.

"Let's leave them alone together for a while," said Joe. "It seems a propitious time for love making, and I hope something will come of to-day's trip, Phil; I'm getting awfully tired of working like a pack-horse for Phil's happiness."

While strolling along they indulged in a spirited conversation about Phil and the matrimonial projects in which they had been engaged on his account. At last Joe remarked, looking fondly at his wife; "I'd be happiest fellow in the world if Phil could be happy too."

His wife shook his arm impatiently.

"See here, Joe," she said, "I think you are absurd about Phil Somers, and you may as well understand, once for all, that if this thing falls through I'm not going to bother about his marrying at all. It's none of your business or mine. I don't believe he wants to marry, anyway. Some natures are so constituted that they can only love once, and I believe all the love Phil had to give any one was squandered long ago on our dear little bridesmaid. After all, there's something very sweet and touching in his remaining faithful to the one memory all these years."

Joe shifted uneasily from one foot to the other. He picked up a stone and sent it savagely whirling over the water.

"Polly," he said, "I think I'll take a plunge in the sea. It will tone me up, and give me an appetite for dinner. There's a bathing suit in one of the little cribs behind us."

"Look at that big black cloud, Joe."

"I won't stay in long, Polly." He gave his wife a tender squeeze, looked down upon her with an expression that seemed to say he'd kiss her if it wouldn't shock Miss Mortimer's sense of propriety, ran up to the bathing-house, and, to the surprise of Phil and Miss Mortimer, presently disappeared in a huge green wave that covered them with its spray.

Phil would have gone at once for Polly, but something in Joe's face held him back.

"Hold on a bit, Phil. I didn't send for you and drive Polly away to tell you something that you'll both know soon enough. There's a burden on my conscience, Phil; it's been lying there like a plummet of lead all these years. Listen to me, and don't interrupt me if you can help it. Give me some of that stuff from the bottle, and when I grow weak give me more."

Phil lifted Joe's head and put the glass to his lips; then he sat down upon the edge of the cot, leaving his arm between Joe's neck and the pillow. Joe could feel Phil's pulse now, and the loyal heart of his friend beating close to his own.

"It's twenty-five years, Phil," said Joe, "since that night we drove down to the shore here and had that talk together. You remember it, Phil?"

"Yes, Joe."

"Ah! you've remembered it too well, Phil; I've tried hard enough, God knows, to make you forget. The sun was sinking over yonder in the west, and sky and sea were all afame. Some fleecy clouds dropped low over the old shed where we had ordered some clams. I remembered when I saw Polly that night. The dress she wore was like a stab to me; it was of some soft floating material that reminded me of the woolly clouds over the old shed. You dallied with the shells, and turned them over with the queer old fork they had given you. And all at once you put them aside and lighted a cigar, and turned your face to the sea, and began to talk of a woman you secretly loved. Now give me some wine, Phil."

Phil put the glass again to Joe's lips. "Don't talk any more, Joe," he said, "Let me go for Polly."

"Not yet," said Joe. "You were a handsome fellow, Phil, twenty-five years ago. As you went on to talk of the woman you secretly loved, some sort of a light shone upon your face from the splendor in the west that made it like that of an archangel. It seemed to me that no woman could withstand you. My heart grew like a lump of ice. My first thought was to walk out in the water and strangle myself; my next was worthy of Judas Iscariot. It was a resolve to betray you. I must have been tempted by the devil, for, as God is my judge in this awful moment of life, I never dreamed before that night that you and I were in love with the one woman. I got upon my feet and shouted, 'She is mine!' glaring upon you with a dogged, resolute stare. 'Have you, then, asked her to marry you?' you said, and your face still looked like an archangel's, while mine must have been inflamed with the passions that beset a man beyond his strength. As I repeated, 'She is my promised wife,' the words seemed to leap from throat of fire; it was the first downright, heinous, malicious lie I had ever uttered, for I had not yet asked her—I had not yet asked her, but when I did ask her, upon that very night, the next lie slipped easily from my perjured throat, although it was the worst one by far. For I told Polly, Phil—I told her before I asked her to marry me—that had confessed to me your love for her friend the poor little girl that afterward became our bridesmaid. Whether it was my guilty conscience, that makes hell enough for any man, I fancied I saw something in Polly's eyes that told me, had it not been for my treachery, your chance would have been better than mine. Now take your arm away from my neck, Phil, and curse me if you will—my story is done."

The pulse at Joe's ear leaped and tugged as if it would burst an artery, but Phil's voice had the old tender ring.

"You might have spared yourself all this," he said. "I think Polly has proved who it was that she loved."

"Ah, after that night, Phil, yes, Polly is not the kind of woman to make the misery of men. But I cheated you of your chance!"

"Be it so, Joe. I forgive you, and I love you all the same. Now throw off the burden, and live for Polly's sake and mine."

"Too late, too late," faltered the failing lips. They refused to touch the glass.

"You might have spared yourself all this," he said. "I think Polly has proved who it was that she loved."

"When Mr. Allen come in he walked right over to where I was a pourin' tea and coffee, and made as though he was going to set there a spell, and with that Sally Stiles and the two Davis girls just crowded themselves down into the same corner and began to talk so fast that no one else could get in a word edgeways. But when Mandy and Miry Jones and Lyddy Hall jined in I jest told 'em their room was better than their company, thinkin' they'd take the hint. Now you'd hardly guess what they did—they went and sat on the platform in front of the pulpit, takin' the minister with 'em of course, and there they kept up such a laughin' and a chattering as you never saw, pretendin' to wait on Mr. Allen, bringin' him plates of peaches and ice cream, crumblin' up good slices of cake and wastin' 'em, until I could have alsped every one of the six."

"I got so nervous at last, watchin' their doin's, that I poured tea and coffee into the same cup, and when our big dog, Growler, came creepin' in and put his cold nose onto my hand, I dropped a cup and saucer and broke it into twenty pieces. I told Growler to go out, but instid of mindin' me he walked over and lay down at Mr. Allen's feet, and in a minute that

Lyddy Hall screams out: 'See there, Mr.

## THE CHURCH FESTIVAL.

The course of church affairs, like the course of true love, seems destined not to run smoothly at Willow Brook. A new complication has arisen since our memorable "donation party"—a complication which bids fair to end in the withdrawal of the new minister, Mr. Ormsby's successor, a staid bachelor of doubtful age.

It had been decided that the church needed painting, and to this end a peach festival was suggested and agreed upon with great unanimity.

Much to my own regret, I was absent from the village at the time of the festival, so as soon as possible after my return I ran over to see Miss Melissa, feeling confident that I should find her, as usual, a faithful chronicler, now it was I was disappointed.

A few questions soon brought out the whole story.

"It was too bad, as you say, Miss Harwood, that you couldn't have been here, but law! the festival was a terrible disappointment, after all, for we didn't make anything to signify. I could have told 'em so beforehand, for I knew just how it would turn out when those girls took the management instead of lettin' Aunt Betty and me at the head, as we'd always been used to doin'.

"I have her do it, the forward thing! but I wasn't no more prepared than she was for what came next. It was a sharp pull, and there was the minister with his head as bare and shiny as an ivy ball, and there's no knowin', for those girls keep on gittin' wilder and wilder every minute.

"I think the minister was partly to blame for what happened next, though there's no knowin', for those girls keep on

Allen! Miss Mix has sent Growler to take care of you; aren't you obliged to her?" and I felt my face gittin' as red as fire, I was so mortified.

"I think the minister was partly to blame for what happened next, though there's no knowin', for those girls keep on gittin' wilder and wilder every minute. But I saw him go and get a basket of cake off of Aunt Betsy's table, and then he took his seat again in the middle and began to make believe eat all the cake himself. Just as he sat there, with his head bent down over that cake-basket, Sally Stiles puts out her hand and twitches him in his back hair.

"I saw her do it, the forward thing! but I wasn't no more prepared than she was for what came next. It was a sharp pull, and there was the minister with his head as bare and shiny as an ivy ball, and there's no knowin', for those girls keep on

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## A PLEASANT STORY.

Published  
Read and  
life to War-  
dewitt Ave.  
of Warner's  
Clarion.  
cians to dis-  
Safe Cure  
pain in the  
MUNDELL.  
Safe Cure  
of kidney  
SEMPLE.  
House  
and my wife  
and mineral  
no good  
WOODRUFF.

## Buffalo Bill's First Ball.

W. F. Cody, the "genuine and only Buffalo Bill" related his experience in a Chicago ball.

"When I got to Chicago, Mike Sheridan met me at the depot and took me to a house. Said he: 'Cody, we are going to have a ball to-night, and you are going the general's guest.' Well, I had sense enough to know that, as the general was a single man, he was a high-flyer with millions, and that the ball would be entirely too big for my blue suit. I told Mike so, but he said that would fix that. I didn't want to show disrepect to the general, so I said that I'd have to go. Mike took me to one of those places where they were as far as from here to Cairo, I replied at a venture.

"The prophet pondered for some time over this immensity of space, and then asked:

"What is this water like?"

"This rather stunned me, and finally I pointed up to the sky and told him that if it was reversed it would be something like the ocean. A flash of intelligence shone in his eyes and he nodded gravely.

"How many people are there in your country?"

"Millions and millions, rich and happy."

"The prophet evidently regarded this as a deep-dyed falsehood and signified with a wave of his hand that the interview was at an end. Turning then to the natives, he addressed them in a dull one-keyed voice that grew louder and louder in pitch, with strange and sudden breaks, when he stopped altogether, and closing his eyes, seemed to be in a trance. While he was in the midst of all this extraordinary proceeding Rufoh used at once clutched my sleeve and hurried me off."—*Kansas City Star.*

## New York's Cheap Lodgings.

The modern Ben Franklin is not obliged to hunt out some modest home wherein room can be made for another member of the household, says the *New York Sun*. He could not in our days, get a room and bed for less than \$2 or \$3 a week in such a dwelling as the original Franklin found. But beds can be had in New York for five cents a night. The brisk competition in the lodging-house business has been of great advantage to the young men who are struggling for a foothold in New York. Not only have the prices of beds been brought down lower and lower, but the competitors now vie with one another in making their houses as attractive as possible. Ten years ago it was safe to say that a cheap lodging-house was a filthy place without seeing more of it than its street sign-board. Now the most daintily lady need not be afraid to make a tour of the principal ones.

Look into the biggest one on the Bowery. It is on a corner below Grand street. The rooms are let for 25 cents a night. You enter at the end of the building on the side street, and at the head of the stairs come to a little window at which the corner dollars of the customers are exchanged for the keys of the rooms. The keys, which have numbered bits of brass attached to them, serve as tickets of admission further along. The lodging-house consists of two floors, each as big as the interior of an extra large Broadway store. It presents to the eye of the visitor a number of narrow passageways leading between partitions only seven feet high. The ceilings are seven or eight feet above these partitions. Seven feet apart along these passageways are doors opening into the little box-like rooms. The walls and doors are white and clean. There is a faint smell of carbolic acid in the air. Each tiny bedroom is furnished with a chair, a cot, three clothes hooks, a bowl, a pitcher, and a three-legged iron washstand.

A Talk With El Mahdi.

Irvin B. Tenny, a widely travelled and highly cultured gentleman of Baltimore, Md., who has been visiting for some time with friends here, is perhaps the only American who ever saw El Mahdi. Dr. Tenny yesterday: "I saw him in Boston, before he was heard of outside his home, and I shall never forget the profound impression he made upon me. One evening, while I was near him, traveling with Rufoh, my interpreter. El Mahdi was then a man of, I judge, thirty-three or thirty-four, and although he stood some six feet high, was so spare I doubt if he would have weighed over 100 pounds. His complexion was dark olive, his beard coal black, his eyes deep set and piercing. His hearing was severe, and there was undoubtedly that intangible something called magnetism about the man. He was clothed in a simple white tunic that left the waist partly exposed, and felt from a belt around the waist straight to the feet. Around his head was a many-folded turban.

He gave a keen glance at my European costume and then assumed his apparently vacant gaze straight ahead.

"I had never seen a real prophet before now. Finally, in sheer desperation, I told Rufoh to tell him that I came from the sea, where we have no prophets.

"I am no prophet," he replied through an interpreter; "I am the mouth of Allah."

"What is the faith you teach?" I asked him.

"That Allah will give his people what belongs to them."

The Prophet scrutinized me sharply, and surmising that he might take me for a spy sent there to pump him on his political views, I changed the channel of my inquiry. "What is man's greatest fault?" I asked.

"From the phrase that Rufoh used I believe the Prophet understood me to ask what was man's greatest tendency or inclination, and answered:

"To gratify his vanity."

"I put the question again, and after pondering a moment he said:

"Selfishness."

"These struck me as rather broad views for a humbug Pagan seer to entertain, and I asked him what he considered the future of his creed and country.

"There is one God, one Prophet and one people," he said; "we will cover the face of the earth."

"There are several million people in the river, but they come at last to one sea."

"Where do you hold converse with the Deity?" I ventured.

"The prophet looked at me proudly and exclaimed in a loud tone defiantly for the benefit of the crowd:

"I am with Him always! He is I, and I am He!"

"At this the crowd of natives began uttering loud cries, and a great many of them threw themselves upon the ground. We were silent for a moment, and he took up the strain of questions.

"Where does my lord live?"

"Across the waters. Two hundred times as far as from here to Cairo," I replied at a venture.

"The prophet pondered for some time over this immensity of space, and then asked:

"What is this water like?"

"This rather stunned me, and finally I pointed up to the sky and told him that if it was reversed it would be something like the ocean. A flash of intelligence shone in his eyes and he nodded gravely.

"How many people are there in your country?"

"Millions and millions, rich and happy."

"The prophet evidently regarded this as a deep-dyed falsehood and signified with a wave of his hand that the interview was at an end. Turning then to the natives, he addressed them in a dull one-keyed voice that grew louder and louder in pitch, with strange and sudden breaks, when he stopped altogether, and closing his eyes, seemed to be in a trance. While he was in the midst of all this extraordinary proceeding Rufoh used at once clutched my sleeve and hurried me off."—*Kansas City Star.*

Two colored women were baptized in the James River. One submitted quietly, while the other came out of the water all excitement, shouting:

"I saw Gabrl right in de bottom ob de river! Bless my heart for dat vishun of glory!"

"Hus anybody found it?"

"Not that I have heard of."

"Why doesn't she offer a reward for its return?"

"She can't make change for a cent."

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look like one kitchen table on top of another. They are two feet apart. There are 80 or 90 of these frames on the first floor, the only one the reporter visited. No women are admitted to any of these places. The floor had been scrubbed and the walls were clean. Each lodger gets a bed to himself under cover in a heated room. The place suggested a catacomb, but the price was only five cents.

## Women are Honest.

Although hundreds of women hold positions of financial trust in the country, we have yet to hear of one of them being guilty of embezzlement or defalcation, says the Albany *Journal*. The evidence clearly sustains the position of those who believe that women are qualified—morally, physically and intellectually—for the handling of money in stores or in banks. Gen. Spinner, who first introduced women into the United States Treasury, left on record a striking testimony to the efficiency and integrity of the sex, and no one ever had a better opportunity to study the question, than he, who at one time had one thousand women under his direction, engaged chiefly in handling money. He testifies that they count more accurately and rapidly than men; that their ability to detect counterfeits proved to be superior in almost every test; that they were, without an exception, honest, and were invariably more careful and painstaking in their work. Complaints of inaccuracy and carelessness on the part of men, were made frequently during Gen. Spinner's administration of the United States Treasury, but such complaints against lady clerks were few. The shrewdest and quickest detectors of counterfeit currency were women, and in case of dispute as to the genuineness of money, Gen. Spinner invariably took the judgment of a Miss Grandin, who was for a long time employed in his bureau. In speaking of her ability in this particular, one day, Gen. Spinner said:

"If I were a believer in clairvoyance I should say that she possessed that power; but I am not, so I call it instinct."

Although there are several thousand women employed by the government as clerks, accountants, post-mistresses, and in other capacities, not one has ever proved unfaithful to her trust. Many have been discharged for incapacity, and for other reasons, but never for dishonesty. These points are worth the consideration of merchants and bankers, particularly now when there seems to be an epidemic of embezzlement.

## VARIETIES.

ONE day three or four weeks ago a retail grocer over in Jersey sat down with his clerk and said:

"James, I owe New York houses over \$3,000."

"Yes, sir."

"We have \$2,000 in cash in the safe, the stock is all run down, and that would be the time to fall in business."

"It certainly would."

"But I want a reasonable apology to give my creditors when they come down upon us for explanations. See if you can't think of something to-night and let me know in the morning."

The clerk promised, and the grocer wheeled a chest of tea and a bag of coffee home as a beginning. Next morning when he appeared at the store the safe was open, the cash gone, and on the desk was a note from the clerk, reading:

"I have taken the \$2,000, and am prepared to skip. It will be the best excuse in the world for your failing so flat that creditors can't realize two cents on the dollar."

When he was fined \$50 for selling beer without a license.

Wet weather will influenza man when nothing else will.

It is the break of day that prevents night going too far.

It is a wise man who knows the proper time to fall in business.

The pink of politeness is something that does not wash off.

Who takes an eel by the tail or a woman at her word soon finds he holds nothing.

It is said that the peculiar sunsets are caused by the sun trying to set by the new standard time.

Church music is sold by the choir. Drum music, and much of the piano kind, comes by the pound.

Soliloquy of a thief, professionally occupied.

"My pals have called me a bird. So I am, I'm a robin."

"This is a new figure for the German," said Hans, when he was fined \$50 for selling beer without a license.

A pile of one million one dollar bills would be 45 feet high. If you have any doubt about this, go and see.

When you come to think of it, it is not odd that literary people prefer to write a classic, and ever so much cleaner. And then it gives them the true essence and flavor of the tobacco.

The tobacco smokers among all nations and all classes of men agree that the tobacco grown on the Golden Tobacco Belt in North Carolina is the best in the world. Lighter and more fragrant than Havana, free from nitrates and nicotine than any other, it is just what the connoisseur wants, and the tobacco吸烟者 demands.

The very choicest tobacco grown on this belt is bought by Blackwell's, Durham, Tobacco Co., and is shipped in boxes, and sold by the pound.

"Mamma," said a little up-town boy, as he left his bed and crawled into hers, the other night, "I can go to sleep in your bed, I know I can; but I have slept my bed all up."

It is said that every human being is accompanied through life by a good and bad angel, who strive for mastery over him. How many some persons' good angels seem to be.

Starred Owners! Here are you doing?" Come the question (who has just fallen through the skylight). "Ie blown here, bone, through the skylight."

